JAPANESE FAIRY TALES

SECOND SERIES



TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

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JAPANESE FAIRY TALES

SECOND SERIES

Kokoro no onajikarazaru wa omote no gotoshi.
The dissimilarity of men's hearts is like that of their faces.

Japanese Proverb.

Hito no furi wo mite, waga furi wo naose.

Mend your own manners by observing the manners of others.

Japanese Proverb.



A Japanese mother teaching her child to write.

JAPANESE FAIRY TALES

RETOLD BY
TERESA PEIRCE WILLISTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
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(SANCHI O GAWA)



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A FOREWORD

A STORY from the Land of Far Away! What mystery, what charm it holds for childhood! With quickened breath, with parted lips and shining eyes, the little voyager sets foot on the wonderful shore of Story Land.

Pulsating with interest, he greets the hero of that land, follows his adventures, and shares his struggles; learns the universal language of sympathy by sharing in the hopes and fears, the toil and the laughter of that other one, his brother now through the magic bonds of the story.

I have endeavored in this book, both through the illustrations and the "atmosphere" of the stories themselves, to bring the wee brothers from overseas as vividly as possible before the little folk of America. I hope the children who read these tales will see the beauty and charm of this life through the glamour of romance and the haze of tradition with which generations of story-loving Japanese have enwrapped it.

In collecting these stories I am greatly indebted to Mr. Katayama of Tokyo, and in planning the art work am under obligations to Miss Bertha Philpott of the Art Institute of Chicago for many helpful suggestions. Mr. Sanchi Ogawa, who illustrated the first series of Japanese Fairy Tales, has furnished the illustrations for this volume with the exception of the frontispiece and the cover design, which are by Mr. Kyohei Inukai.

THE AUTHOR.

Kagen hito-tabi izureba, shi-me mo oubekarazu.
When an indiscreet word is once out, even a team of four horses cannot overtake it.

Japanese Proverb.

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Ryōyaku kuchi ni nigaku; chūgen mimi ni sakau.
Good medicine is bitter to the mouth; faithful advice offends the ears.

Japanese Proverb.

A LIST OF THE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

The Japanese mother teaching the children to write Frontispiece

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"Our snowballs all fell through the sky floor"



兎の先祖



THE FIRST RABBITS

THE children in the sky were all crying. "Boo-hoo," said one. "Boo-hoo," said another. "Boo-hoo," said the rest.

"Children, children, what is the matter?" asked the fairy mother of the sky.

"We've nothing to play," replied one. "There's nothing to do," said another. "We can't play for there's nothing to do," said the rest.

"Why don't you twinkle the stars?" asked the fairy mother of the sky.

"The star lights are all put out," sobbed one. "The sun is shining and the star lights are out," sobbed another. "We can't twinkle the stars when the sun is shining and the star lights are out," sobbed the rest.

"Why don't you beat the thunder drums?" asked the fairy mother of the sky.

"The thunder drums are all broken," sighed one. "We've beaten all the thunder out of them," sighed another. "We can't beat the thunder drums for the thunder is all beaten out of them," sighed the rest.

"Why don't you shake the snow out of the snow sieves?" asked the fairy mother of the sky.

"It won't shake through the sieve," said one. "We've made the snow into balls," said another. "We can't shake the snow through the sieve when its all made into balls," said the rest.

"Why don't you roll the snowballs?" asked the fairy mother of the sky.

"Oh, we will!" cried one. "Yes, we will," cried another. "Of course we will," said the rest.

Away they ran to the snowball field.

"Let's throw them," said one. "Let's toss them," said another. "Let's catch them," said the rest.

Up and down, this way and that way, back and forth, how the white balls danced and flew!

"Oh, look! They're falling through the sky floor," cried one. "They're all falling

through the twinkle holes of the stars," said another. "They're falling through the holes down on to the earth," said the rest.

Away the snowballs jumped and bobbed. The star children all began to cry again.

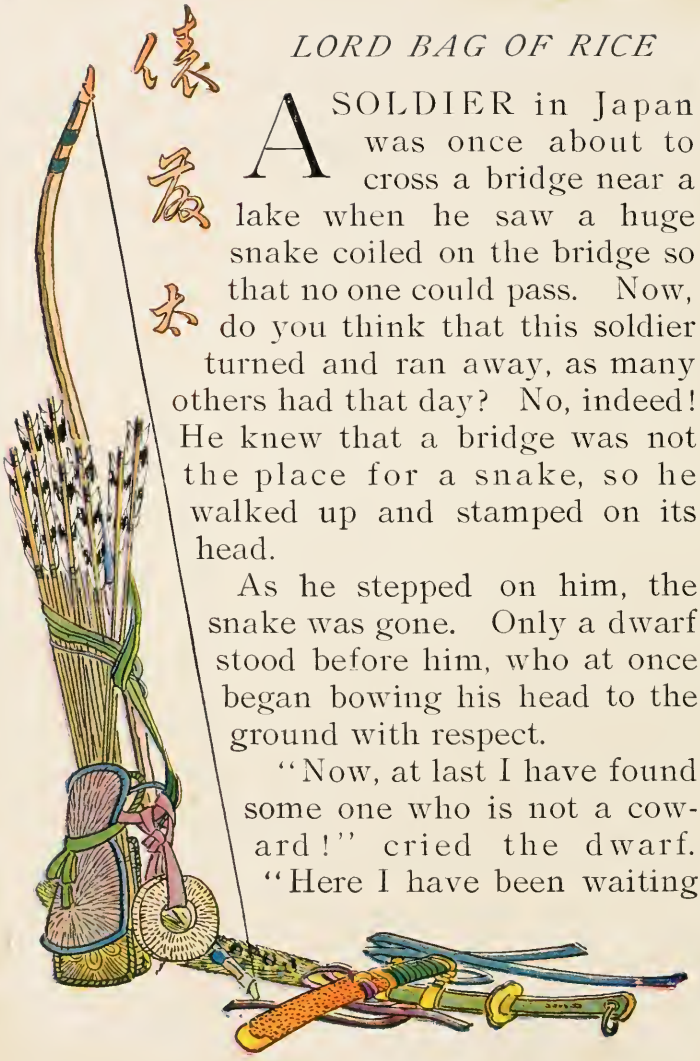
Just then the fairy mother of the sky came with a torch to light the star lamps. "Crying again?" she said. "What's the matter now?"

"Our snowballs all fell through the sky floor," said one. "They all fell through the twinkle holes of the stars," said another. "They've fallen through the holes down on to the earth," said the rest.

"You naughty, naughty snowballs," said the fairy mother of the sky. So she threw her torch after them, but it only scorched their tails and turned them black.

Down on the earth they are hopping still, these soft white balls with their little black tails, and you children call them the rabbits.





LORD BAG OF RICE

A SOLDIER in Japan was once about to cross a bridge near a lake when he saw a huge snake coiled on the bridge so that no one could pass. Now, do you think that this soldier turned and ran away, as many others had that day? No, indeed! He knew that a bridge was not the place for a snake, so he walked up and stamped on its head.

As he stepped on him, the snake was gone. Only a dwarf stood before him, who at once began bowing his head to the ground with respect.

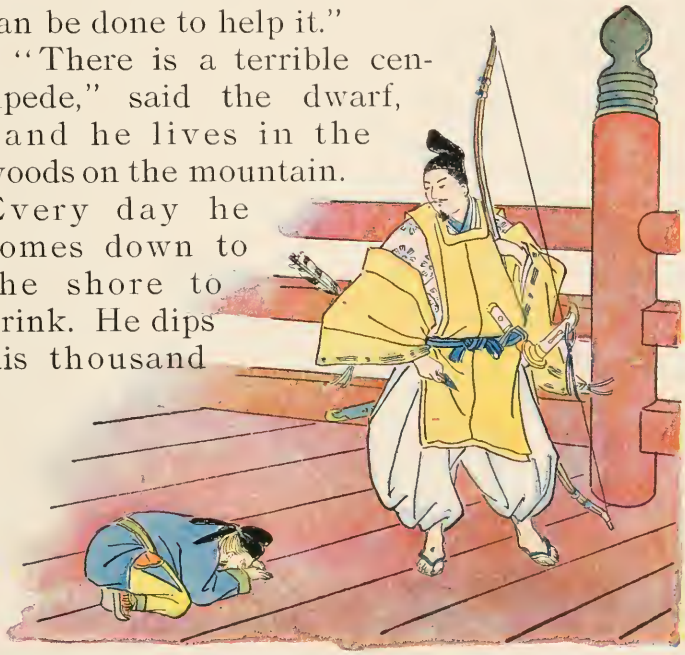
"Now, at last I have found some one who is not a coward!" cried the dwarf. "Here I have been waiting

for days to find a man who was brave enough to help me, but none dared cross the bridge. Everyone turned and ran at the sight of me. But you are strong-hearted. Will you do me a great kindness and save many lives?"

The soldier answered:

"I am a soldier of the Emperor, and I am here to save life and right wrong. Tell me your trouble and I will see what can be done to help it."

"There is a terrible centipede," said the dwarf, "and he lives in the woods on the mountain. Every day he comes down to the shore to drink. He dips his thousand



poisonous feet into the beautiful water, turning it all foul and dirty. It kills all the fishes in the lake, too. I am the king of the lake, and I am trying to find some way to save my fishes."

"I do not know that I can help you," said the soldier, "but I will gladly go with you and try."

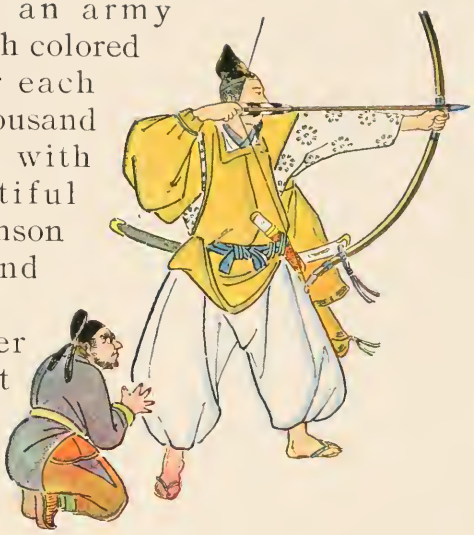
The dwarf took him to his home in the bottom of the lake. It was a beautiful house, all made of coral and pearl. His servants, the crabs and sunfishes, brought them rice, fruit, and tea, served on tiny green leaves. The tea looked like water and the rice looked like seafoam, but they tasted all right, so what matter?

Just as they were in the middle of their feast they heard a mighty roaring and rumbling. It sounded as though a mountain were being torn up.

"There he is!" he cried. "That is the noise of his thousand feet as they crunch on the stones of the mountain side. We must hurry or he will get to the water and poison it again."

They hurried to the edge of the lake and saw the centipede already very near. He

looked like an army marching with colored lanterns, for each one of his thousand legs glowed with many beautiful shades of crimson and green and gold.



The soldier drew his great bow and let an arrow fly at the monster's head. He never missed his aim, and the arrow struck the ugly head of the centipede, but bounced away. A second arrow flew, but that, too, bounced away.

He had but one arrow left and the monster was almost at the water's edge.

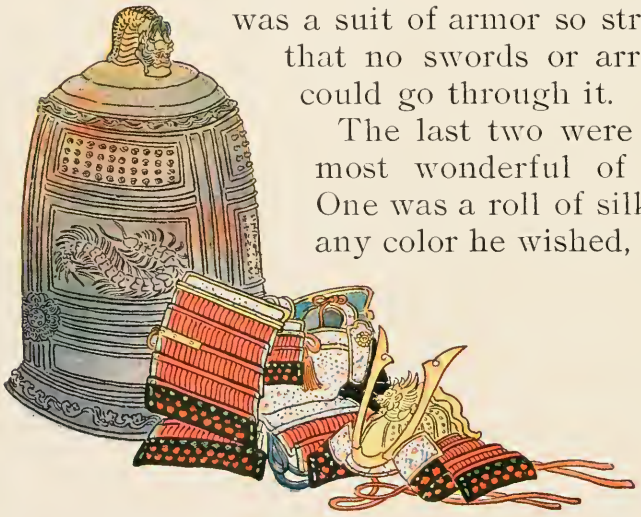
Suddenly he remembered that when he was a boy his grandfather had told him that if you wet the head of an arrow in your mouth it will kill any monster.

It took just a second to wet the head of his last precious arrow and send it whizzing at

the centipede. It struck him on the forehead and he fell over dead.

Suddenly the soldier found himself back in his own house, which was now changed into a castle. Before him were five gifts, on each of which he read, "With the loving thanks of the Dwarf."

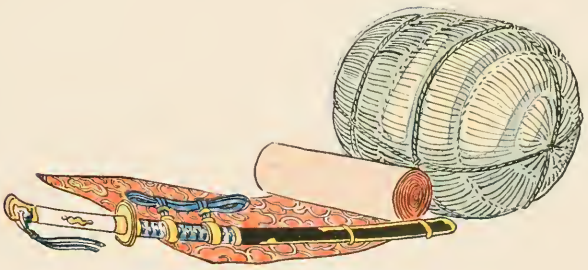
The first of these gifts was a huge bronze bell, on the outside of which was told in pictures the story of the centipede. The second was a sword which would always give its owner the victory. The third was a suit of armor so strong that no swords or arrows could go through it.

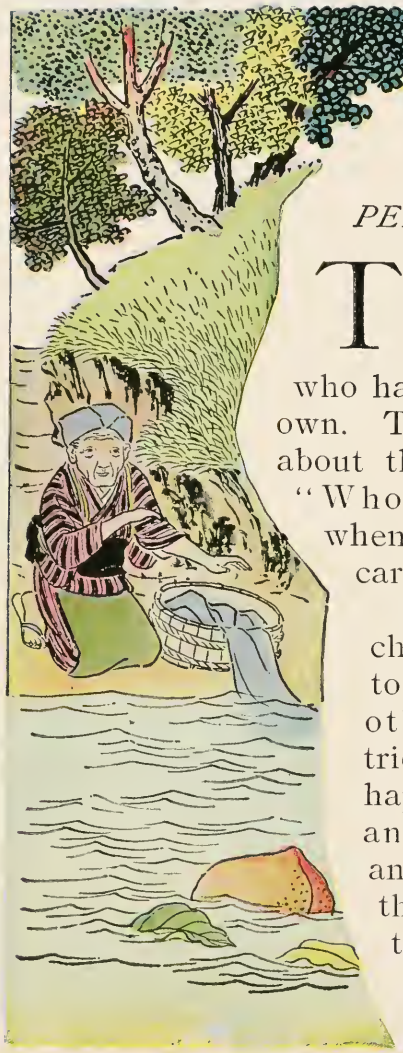


The last two were the most wonderful of all. One was a roll of silk of any color he wished, and

the more he used of the silk the more the roll grew. The other was a bag of rice which never grew less, although he used all he wished for his friends and himself.

This last gift seemed so wonderful to the people that they called him Lord Bag of Rice from that day.





桃太郎

PEACH DARLING

THERE once lived an old man and an old woman who had no child of their own. They felt very sad about this, for they said: "Who will care for us when we are too old to care for ourselves?"

Since they had no children of their own to love, they loved all other children and tried to make them happy. Even the cats and dogs, the birds and squirrels, knew they had friends in the old man and woman.

No cherry trees ever bore such beautiful blossoms as the ones by their cottage door, and all the bees of the village came to hum with delight at the long and graceful catkins on their willow tree.

One day the old man said: "To-day I must go to the mountains to cut grass. Oh, if I only had a stout young boy who could take this long journey for me! But then I must not complain, for we have each other." So off he went, happy and contented, in spite of it all.

Then the old woman said to herself: "If my good husband must take such a long, hard journey to-day, I, too, will be at work. I will take all these clothes down to the river and wash them."

Soon she was on the river bank, washing merrily, while the birds sang above her. "How jolly our little friends are to-day!" thought the old woman. "They twitter and sing as though they were trying to tell me a secret."

Just then something came splashing and tumbling down the river and caught among her clean clothes. The old woman took a stick and pulled it out. It was a huge peach.

"I will take this home for my husband's supper; he will be so tired, and this will taste very good," she said. Oh! how the birds sang then!

That evening when the old man came home from the mountains his wife said: "Just see, here is a peach for your supper, which came floating down the river to me. I fancy the birds must have sent it, for they laughed and sang so when it came."

The old man said: "Bring me a knife, that I may cut it in two, for you shall have half of it."



When they opened the peach, there within it lay a tiny baby boy, as round and fat and smiling as could be. Because of his first cradle they called him "Peach Darling," and loved him as a child sent from the gods.

As he grew tall and strong, they found that he was indeed wonderful. No one equaled him in strength, and none in wisdom. Every child in the village loved him, and all the birds and animals were his friends.

He took good care that his old father and mother should not have to work hard as they once did. "For," he said, "what better thing can I do than take care of you?"

When he became a young man he heard of the terrible monster, Akandoji. Years before, this monster had stolen a great deal of gold and silver from the villagers. It was said that he was so terrible that no one dared go against him, to try to recover the riches.

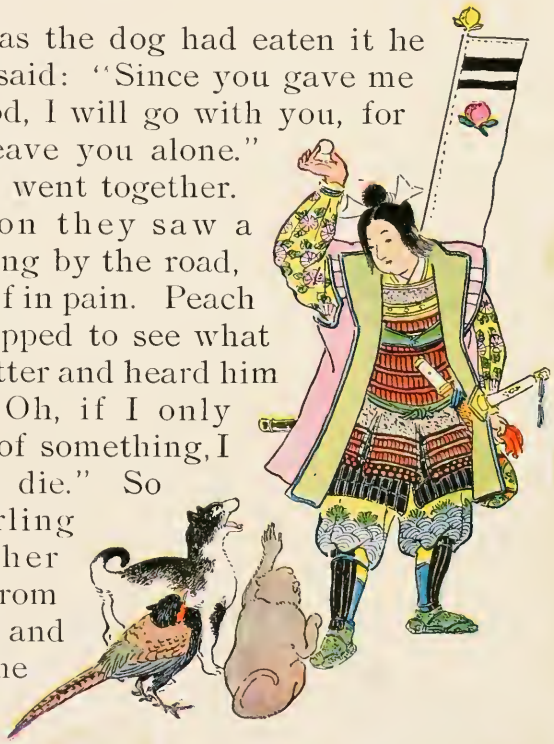
Peach Darling said: "I will go and fight this monster. Who will go with me?" But no one dared go, so he decided to go alone.

His father and mother were proud of their brave son, but their hearts ached to think of his going alone. His mother said to his father: "If you will grind me some fine millet seed, I will make our son some dumplings, for they may give him more strength to fight Akandoji." So the old man ground the millet seed, and the old woman made the dumplings.

Peach Darling put them into his pouch and started off on his journey. As he was going along a dog came up and sniffed hungrily at the dumplings. Peach Darling thought, "This poor dog is hungry, and I can do with one less dumpling. I am strong and shall not mind hunger." So he gave a dumpling to the dog.

As soon as the dog had eaten it he spoke and said: "Since you gave me of your food, I will go with you, for I cannot leave you alone." So on they went together.

Very soon they saw a monkey lying by the road, gasping as if in pain. Peach Darling stopped to see what was the matter and heard him saying: "Oh, if I only had a bite of something, I should not die." So Peach Darling took another dumpling from his pouch and gave it to the monkey.

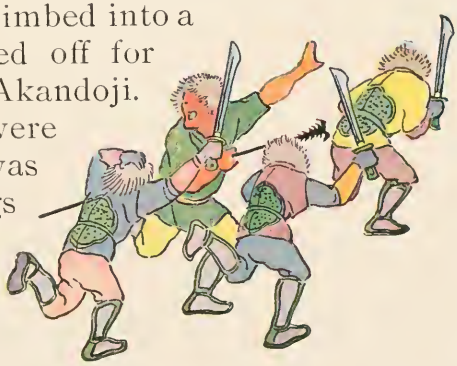


After eating it the monkey was so much better that he said: "Since you have saved my life I will go with you, for I may be able to help you sometime." So the three walked off together.

As they were going, a pheasant hovered near them. Fearing that something might be wrong with her or her young ones, Peach Darling stopped and asked her what troubled her. In bird language she said: "Oh, sir, my young ones are starving. I do not know what to do!"

"Do?" said Peach Darling. "Take them this dumpling, and if ever again you are hungry, come to me. I will not let you starve."

By this time they were down to the seashore, so they climbed into a boat and started off for the island of Akandoji. Just as they were starting there was a flutter of wings and the pheasant alighted in the boat with them.





The dog, the pheasant, the monkey, and Peach Darling conquer ***Akandoji***



"Dear Peach Darling," she said, "if you are going to face dangers, I will go, too, for perhaps I may be able to help you."

After a long row they reached the monster's island, and climbed the steep hill to the gate of the castle. Here they found the monkey of great use, since he always has four hands and four feet as well as a long, strong rope fastened to his body.

When they reached the great gate of the castle, they all four began to make the greatest noise possible. The man shouted, the dog barked, the pheasant screamed, and the monkey chattered, while they all beat on the door with stones.

The people within thought that a great army was upon them, so they threw open their gates and fled.

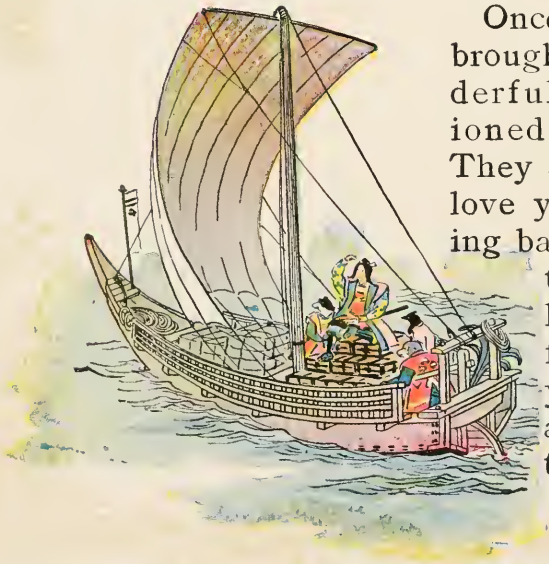
Peach Darling searched until he found Akandoji himself, who was just about to throw a great stone at him. He dodged the stone and picked the monster up in his arms, while the monkey tied him fast with ropes. When he found himself beaten, Akandoji agreed to return all his stolen riches. So his

men carried down great bags of gold and loaded the boat of Peach Darling.

Then up went the sail, and as the wind swept them over the sea, the island of Akandoji grew small and disappeared.

All the village was glad when they returned, but none were so glad as the old man and woman. The people were now very proud of Peach Darling, and called him a great man, but he said: "Give all the honor to my three companions, for they did it all."

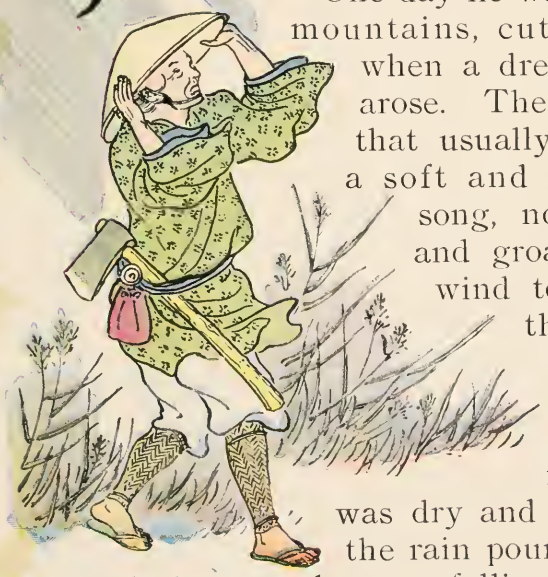
Peach Darling lived many years, and was always kind and wise. Many people of the village came to him for help.



Once the people brought him a wonderful peach fashioned out of gold. They said: "We all love you for bringing back our riches to us, but we love you far, far more for your wisdom and kindness to us."

THE OLD MAN WITH A WART

THERE was once an old man who had a wart on the side of his face. It was such a huge wart that it looked like a peach growing there. It hurt every time he ate his rice or drank his tea, but he never complained.



One day he was up in the mountains, cutting wood, when a dreadful storm arose. The pine trees, that usually murmured a soft and whispering song, now shrieked and groaned as the wind tore through them.

He found a hollow tree and climbed in. Here he was dry and warm while the rain poured down as though the very sky were falling.

He had never been in such a storm before,

and as he listened to the wind, and breathed the fresh damp odor of the rain, he was glad he was there. The great pines, hundreds of years old, were bent and twisted about like grass.

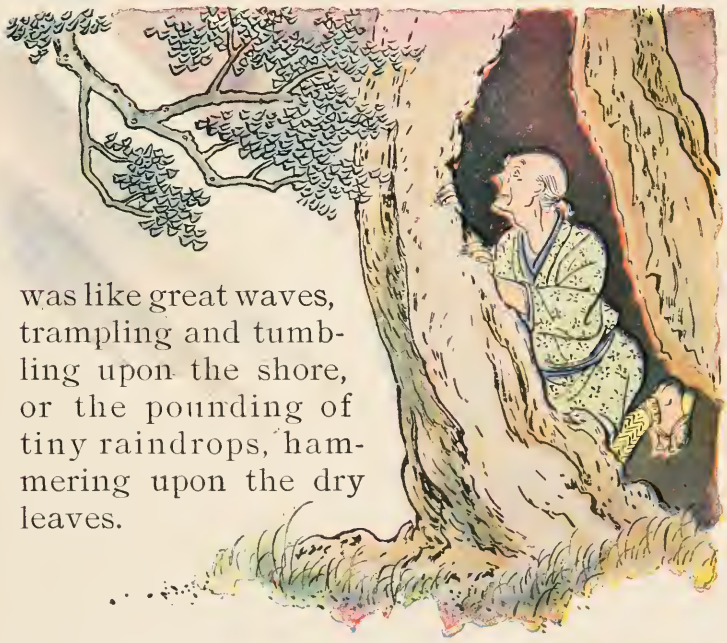


The old man had thought he was the only one in the woods, but he soon heard voices of people coming nearer and nearer. "They must enjoy the storm," he thought, for they were singing and shouting most happily.

They did not sound quite like men, but more like the rushing of the wind and the hurried swaying of the trees.

They kindled a fire which leaped up in little sharp tongues of flame, for all the world like lightning. Each flash lighted up the forest, and then he saw that his jolly companions were the Storm Spirits. They sat in a circle around the fire and began their song. If you could but hear it!

It sounded like the wind whipping the tree-tops back and forth, or the breezes bowing the long grasses in lines before it. It



was like great waves, trampling and tumbling upon the shore, or the pounding of tiny raindrops, hammering upon the dry leaves.



"The old man began to dance"

It seemed as though all the trees were swaying and bending in time with the wind because they loved it.

The old man could not sit still. He sprang into the midst of the group and began to dance. The air was sweet. The grass gave a faint fresh odor. He seemed to be dancing like the trees and flowers. Like a willow by the river he bent and swayed and bowed. The song grew softer and sweeter until the trees were still and the sun peeped through the clouds. At last the old man sat down to rest.

Then the Storm Spirits said: "Oh, good man, come to us again and dance for us. As a pledge that you will come we will take this peach that grows on the side of your face. Is it not the most precious thing you possess?" So they took his wart and let him go.

When he reached home his wife cried, "Oh, husband, what have you done with your wart?" Then he told her all about it, and they were very glad.

These old people had a neighbor who had a wart on the left side of his face. This wart was red and shiny like an apple. He heard how the Storm Spirits had taken the other

man's wart, so he, too, went to the mountain and crept into the hollow tree. There he waited until the storm came.

How it raged! The rain lashed the leaves like whips, and the lightning tore yellow gashes in the black clouds. This old man shivered and shook with fear.

At last the Storm Spirits saw him and dragged him forth to dance for them, but he was so frightened that he could only shake and tremble.

Then they were angry and said: "Well, if you can't dance better than this we don't want you any more." So they put the other wart on the right side of his face and started him off.

Poor man! He was sorry he came, for now he had a wart on each side of his face and was wet to the skin as well.





THE EIGHTY-ONE BROTHERS

NEAR Tajima, on the north coast of Japan, lived a mighty prince who had eighty-one sons. Eighty of them were bold, proud men, and hated the youngest brother, the eighty-first.

This youngest brother was kind and good to everyone. His elder brothers said: "That is not the way for a prince to act. You treat people as though you were the commonest wood-cutter, and not a cousin of the Emperor himself."

But in spite of all they said the youngest prince was just as kind to the people as ever, so his brothers hated him the more.

Now there was a beautiful princess in Inaba whom everyone wished to see. The eighty brothers said: "Let us go and see this won

derful princess." So they started off, two by two. What a procession they made!

They took their youngest brother, the eighty-first, along to carry their bundles and wait on them, but he had to walk behind.

Over the hills and through the valleys they went until they came to Cape Keta.

Here they found a poor little hare without a scrap of fur on his body. Every bit had been pulled off, and he lay there with nothing to protect him from the hot sun.



"Oh, good friends," cried the poor hare to the eighty brothers, "I am nearly dying. Can you tell me what to do to make my fur grow again?"

The proud, cruel brothers only laughed at the poor hare, and answered: "You wish your hair to grow? Well, you just go down and bathe in the salt water of the ocean, and then go and lie on a high rock where the sun can shine on you, and the wind can blow on you." Then they went on, laughing.

The hare did as they told him do. Oh, how the salt water stung his poor skin! Oh, how the sun and wind burned and cracked it!

He lay there groaning and crying with pain. Suddenly he heard some one calling: "What is the matter? Do you want help?"

"Oh, I am dying!" answered the hare. Then he heard some one climbing up the rocks, and in a moment more the eighty-first brother stood by him.

The poor young prince had so many bundles that he could hardly walk. "What is the matter with you? Why are you groaning so?" he asked the hare.

"It is a long story," said the hare, "and when I am through perhaps you will think I deserve what I now suffer, but I will tell you all.

"I was on the island of Oki, and I wished to get over to this country, but I had no boat. At last I thought of a plan. I went down to the seashore and waited until I saw a crocodile raise its head above the water.





"Then I

called, 'Croco-croco-crocodile, come here, I wish to talk with you.' He came up close, and I said, 'How many crocodiles are there in the sea?'

"'There are more crocodiles in the sea than there are buttons on my back,' said the crocodile.

"'But there are not so many of you as there are of us,' I said. 'There are more hares on the land than there are hairs on my back.'

"'Let's count,' said the crocodile.

"'All right,' I answered. 'You crocodiles lie here in a row from this land to Cape Keta and I will run across on your heads and count you as I go. Then we will count the hares and see which are the most.'

"So the crocodiles all came and lay in a row, and the farthest one just touched Cape Keta.

"I sprang on their backs and ran as fast as I could to Cape Keta, counting as I ran.

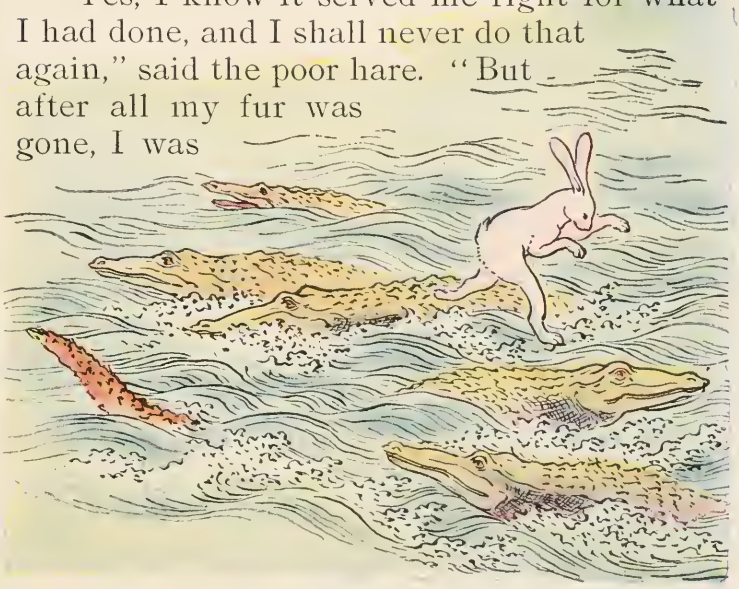
"How foolish I was! Just as I reached the last crocodile I said, 'You silly things! Do you think I care how many there are of you? You have made me a good bridge; that is all I wished. Thank you for it. Good-by.'

"The last crocodile caught me when I said that, and pulled every hair off my body.

"'We should like to know how many *hares* there are,' he said, 'so we will just count these *hairs* and see.' At that the whole row of crocodiles opened their great mouths and laughed."

"Well, it served you right for being so tricky, but go on with your story," said the eighty-first prince.

"Yes, I know it served me right for what I had done, and I shall never do that again," said the poor hare. "But after all my fur was gone, I was





lying here crying when eighty princes came along.

"They laughed at me for my baldness, and told me to bathe in the salt water of the ocean and then lie in the sun and wind. I did so, and see how I suffer!"

The eighty-first prince felt very sorry for the poor hare, so he carried him to a spring of clear water.

"Bathe in this," he said, "and that will wash off all the salt. I will bruise some leaves, and the juice from them will make your fur grow again."

When this was done the hare felt as well as ever, and his fur began growing again.

Then the prince picked up his bundles and started on to catch up with his brothers.

When at last the poor tired boy reached Inaba he found his brothers already there, and very cross indeed.

The beautiful princess did not care to see them and they scolded the eighty-first prince as though it had been his fault.

They were just about to return home when a messenger came from the princess.

"Ah!" cried the first prince, "she wishes to see me; she is sending for me, I know."

"Oh, no!" shouted the second prince. "It is I whom she wants. I know she is sending for me."

The third prince fairly screamed: "You silly things! Don't you know I am the one she wants? I am far handsomer than any one of you. Of course she wants me."

The messenger waited until they were still at last, and then said: "Her Majesty, the Princess of Inaba, wishes the burden-bearer for the eighty princes to come."

The eighty-first prince laid down his burdens and followed the messenger.

He led him to the palace and into a room where sat the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Beside her stood a hare whose fur was just beginning to grow.



"My friend, I thank you for what you did for my pet hare"

The princess said to him: "My friend, I sent for you to thank you for what you did for my pet hare. He has just come to tell me about it. How does it happen that one so kind as you is only a servant?"

Then the eighty-first prince told her: "I am not a servant, O most beautiful Princess! My eighty brothers were coming to see you and made me walk behind and carry the burdens, but I'm just as much a prince as they."

"How can I repay you for all you did for my poor hare? Ask anything you wish and I will give it to you."

"The one thing I wish most of all is to live here with you," said the prince.

So they were the prince and princess of that land, and the hare was their companion.

As for the eighty brothers, they found they might as well go home first as last, and this time they had to carry their own burdens.



竹取姫

THE BAMBOO-CUTTER'S DAUGHTER

THE BAMBOO PRINCESS



AN old bamboo-cutter was going home through the shades of evening. Far away among the stalks of the feathery bamboo he saw a soft light. He went nearer to see what it was, and found it came from within one of the stalks.

He opened the bamboo stalk carefully, and found a tiny baby girl. She was only a few inches tall, but as beautiful as a fairy. Indeed he wondered if she were not really a fairy.



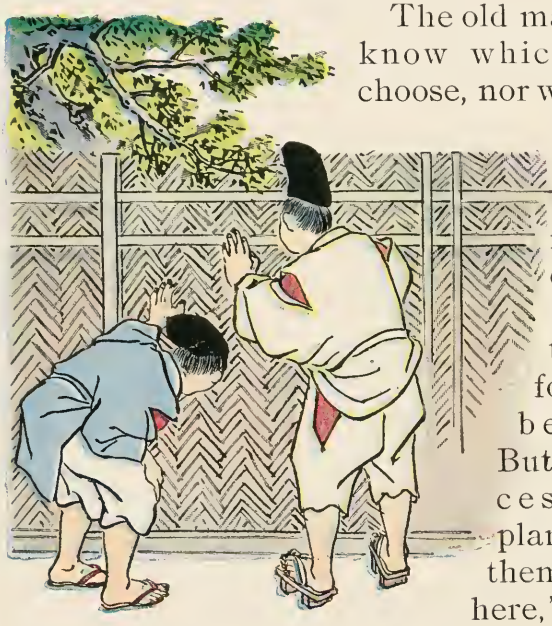
He carried her home and told his wife how he had found her. They were very glad, for they had no child, so they loved her as their own. In a few years she had grown to be a young woman. She was as sweet and kind as she was beautiful. A soft light always seemed to follow her.

When the time came to name her they called her *The Bamboo Princess*, because she was found among the bamboo, and because she was more beautiful than any princess.

People heard of how beautiful she was, and many peeped through the hedge at the edge of the garden in hopes of seeing her. All who saw her thought she was so lovely that they came back for another glimpse.

Among those who came often to the hedge were five princes. Each one thought The Bamboo Princess the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and each wished her for his wife.

So each of the five wrote to the father of the princess asking to marry her. It so happened that all five letters were brought to the old man at the same time.



The old man did not know which one to choose, nor what to do. He was afraid, too, that if he chose one of the princes, the other four would be angry. But the princess had a plan. "Have them all come here," she said, "then we can choose better."

On a certain day the five princes came to the house of the bamboo-cutter. They were very glad to have another chance to see her, and each one thought *he* would be the one she would marry.

The princess did not wish to marry any of them. She wanted to stay with her dear father and mother. She wished to take care of them as long as they lived. So she gave each one something to do which was impossible.

The first she asked to go to India and find the great stone bowl of Buddha. The second one was to bring her a branch from the jeweled trees that grew on the floating mountain of Horai.

The third prince asked what he might do to show his love. The princess said that he might bring her a robe made from the skins of the fire rats.



She asked the fourth to bring a jewel from the neck of the sea dragon, and the fifth prince offered to bring her the shell which the swallows keep hidden in their nests.

The princes hurried away, each anxious to be the first to return, and so marry the beautiful Bamboo Princess.



THE GREAT STONE BOWL

PEOPLE say that far away in India there is a stone bowl that belonged to the great god Buddha. They also say that it gleams and sparkles as though set with the most beautiful gems.

It is hidden deep in the darkness of a great temple. Few have ever seen it, but those who have can never talk enough about its beauty.

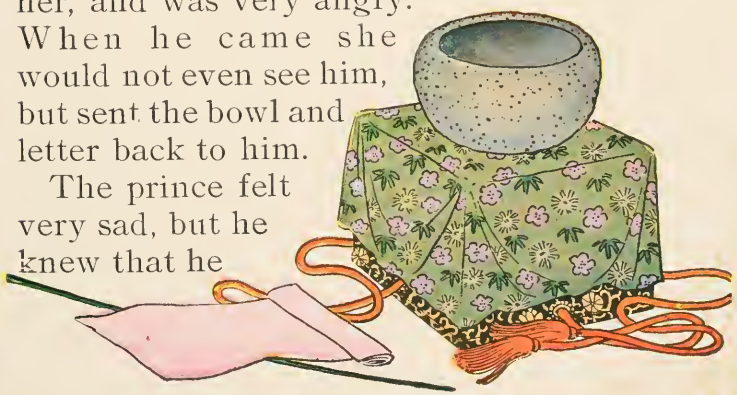
The prince who promised to go to India in search of the bowl was a very lazy man. At first he really meant to go, but the more he thought about it the lazier he felt.

He asked the sailors how long it took to go to India and return. They said it took three

years. At that he made up his mind he never would go. The idea of spending three years looking for a bowl, an old one, too!

So he went away to another city and stayed for three years. At the end of that time he went into a little temple. There he found an old stone bowl sitting in front of the shrine. He took this bowl and wrapped it in a cloth of richest silk. To this he tied a letter telling of his long hard journey to find the bowl for her. Then he sent it to the princess.

When the princess read the letter she was sorry that he had suffered so much to bring her the bowl. Then she opened the silk wrappings and saw the bowl of common stone. She now saw that he had tried to deceive her, and was very angry. When he came she would not even see him, but sent the bowl and letter back to him.



The prince felt very sad, but he knew that he

deserved it, so he went home to his own house. He kept the bowl to remind him that you get nothing good in this world unless you work for it.



THE BRANCH OF THE JEWEL TREE

THE prince who was going for the branch of the jewel tree was very cunning and very rich.

He did not believe that there was a floating mountain called Horai. He did not believe there were trees of gold with jewels for leaves.

However, he said that he was going in search of it. He said good-by to all his

friends and went down to the seashore. There he dismissed all but four of his servants, for he said he wished to go quietly.

It was three years before anybody saw or heard of him again. Then he suddenly appeared before the princess, bearing a wonderful branch of gold with blossoms and leaves of all colored jewels.

She asked the prince to tell of his journey. He made a low bow and began his story.

"I sailed away from here," he said, "not knowing where to go. I let the wind and the waves carry me where they wished.

"We passed many beautiful cities and strange countries. We saw the great sea dragons lying on the water, sleeping as the waves rocked them up and down. We saw the sea serpents playing in the bottom of the ocean. We saw strange birds, with bodies like animals.

"Sometimes we sailed on with a gentle wind, and sometimes we floated with no breeze to move us for days and weeks.

"At times fierce storms arose. The waves rose mountain high. Wild winds whipped away our sails. We were driven and hurled to unknown lands.



The Prince tells the story of his search for the branch of the jewel tree

"Again we saw great rocks on which the waves lashed themselves in showers of white foam.

"For days and weeks we had no food to eat and no water to drink. The great green waves lapping around us made us long for water all the more, but we could not drink the salt sea water.

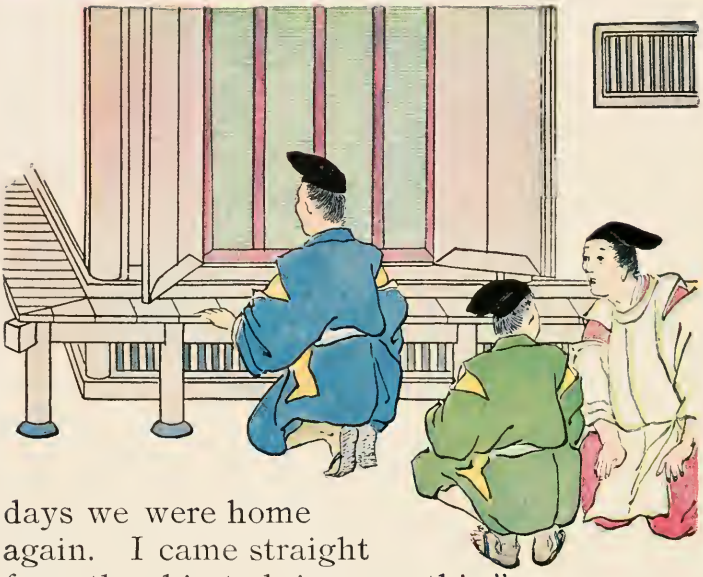
"At last, just when I thought we would surely die, I saw a great mountain lifting its dark head out of the morning sea. We hastened to it. It was the floating mountain of Horai.

"We sailed around it several times before I could find a place to land. At last I saw a small cove and anchored there. When I went on shore there stood a most beautiful girl with a basket of food. She set down the basket and immediately disappeared.

"I was nearly starving, but I did not touch the food until I had broken off a branch from one of the jeweled golden trees, to bring home to you. Then I returned to my ship.

"The men were thankful for the food, so we feasted all day. In the morning, when the sun rose, the mountain had gone.

"A brisk wind was blowing, and in a few



days we were home again. I came straight from the ship to bring you this."

Tears stood in the eyes of the princess to think of how he had suffered to bring her that jewel branch.

Just then three men came asking for the prince. "Could you pay us now?" they asked. The prince started to drive them away, but the princess told them to stay.

"What is it you wish?" she asked them.

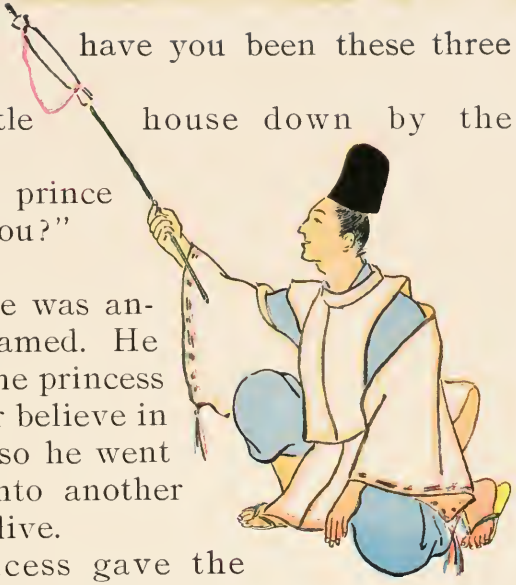
"For three years we have been working to make this beautiful golden branch. Now that it is finished we want our pay."

"Where have you been these three years?"

"In a little house down by the seashore."

"Has the prince been with you?"

"Yes."



The prince was angry and ashamed. He knew that the princess would never believe in him again, so he went far away into another country to live.

The princess gave the jewel branch to the workmen to pay them for their years of work, so they went away happy, and praising the princess for her kindness.





THE FIRE ROBE

THE third prince was to bring the robe made of the fur of the fire rats. He was rich and very much loved. He had friends in all parts of the world. He had one very dear friend who lived in China.

To him the prince sent a messenger with a great bag full of gold, asking him to find the robe made of the skins of fire rats.

When the friend read the letter he was very sad. "How can I ever do this?" he said. "Who ever heard of such a thing! Still I would do anything for Prince Abé, so I will try."

He sent messengers all over China seeking for the wonderful robe, but they all

came back sadly, saying that they could not find it.

He sent to every temple, inquiring of the priests if they knew anything of this robe, and where it could be found, but the reply was always the same. No one had ever heard where it was, although everyone had heard that there was such a mantle.

He sent for all the merchants who went from place to place buying and selling. None of them knew of it.

At last he said to himself, "This robe that Prince Abé asks for is not to be found. There cannot be such a thing. To-morrow I will return his bag of gold to him, and tell him that I have searched my best but cannot find what he wishes."

The next morning just as he was about to send the messenger back to Japan he heard a great noise in the street and looked out.

A great troupe of beggars was passing by. "I will ask them if they have heard of this fire robe," he thought. So all the beggars were brought in.

They were surprised at being taken into the house of this great lord, and shown into the very room where he was.

He told them what he wanted, and asked if in their wanderings they had ever heard of this fire robe, and knew where it might be found.

They all stared at him in wonder. Some nearly laughed in his face. The idea of it! That he, one of the greatest lords in the country, should ask them, common beggars, for a fire robe.

One after another told him that they had heard of it, but it was only a story, for there was really no such thing.

Finally all had gone but one old man. He limped slowly up to the lord and knelt before him.

"My lord," he said, "when I was a child I remember hearing my grandfather tell about this fire robe. It was kept in a temple upon the top of a certain mountain, hundreds of miles from here."

The lord was delighted at this, but wondered why his messengers had not found this temple. He sent for the one who had visited the temples in that part of the country.

This man declared that there was no temple on that mountain. "There was in my grandfather's time," said the beggar, "for he

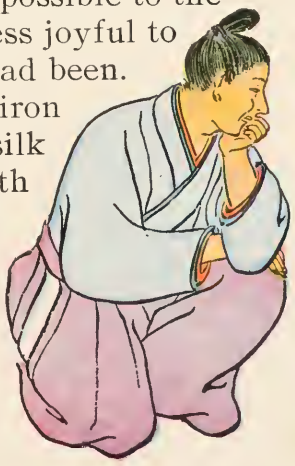
had been there and had seen the beautiful fire robe with his own eyes."

The lord sent messengers to search out this mountain and find the temple at its top. The old beggar went with them.

When they reached there they found no temple, only a heap of stones. They searched around a long time, and finally found a large iron box buried under the stones.

They opened this box and found within it, wrapped in many folds of rich silk, a strange, beautiful fur robe. They carried it home joyfully to the lord, who was very glad to receive it, you may be sure.

He sent it as quickly as possible to the Prince Abé, who was no less joyful to receive it than his friend had been.



He took it out of the iron box, unfolded the rich silk wrappings, and looked with delight on the beautiful silvery fur. "Ah, how beautiful the Bamboo Princess will look in this!" he thought.

Then he remembered that every time this

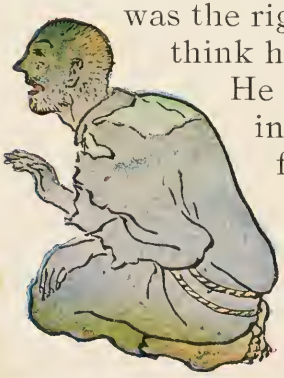
wonderful robe was put into the fire, it came out more silvery bright than before.

"It cannot be too beautiful for the lovely Bamboo Princess, so I will put it in once more, that it may be more beautiful for her than it has ever been for anyone else."

So he ordered a fire brought and laid the dazzling silver robe over the burning coals.

Like a flash the red flames leaped up, and before he could snatch it from the fire there was nothing left but silvery smoke drifting off on the wind, and silvery ashes dimming the red of the coals.

Poor Prince Abé! He was heartbroken. He could not blame his faithful friend, for he had done his best. He was glad he had not taken it to the princess before he knew it was the right one, for then she might think he too wished to deceive her. He could only write to her telling her all, and then go away forever.



The princess was very sad when she knew what had happened, for she saw that this man was true.

She sent him a note asking him to come to her, but he had already gone away, so she never saw nor heard of him again.





THE SHELL IN THE SWALLOWS' NEST

THE prince who was to find the shell hid in the swallows' nest was a very proud and lordly man. When he returned from the visit to the princess he called his head servant to him.

"Do you know anything about the shell the swallows keep hidden in their nests?" he asked.

The man stared. "The shell in the swallows' nests? Which nests?"

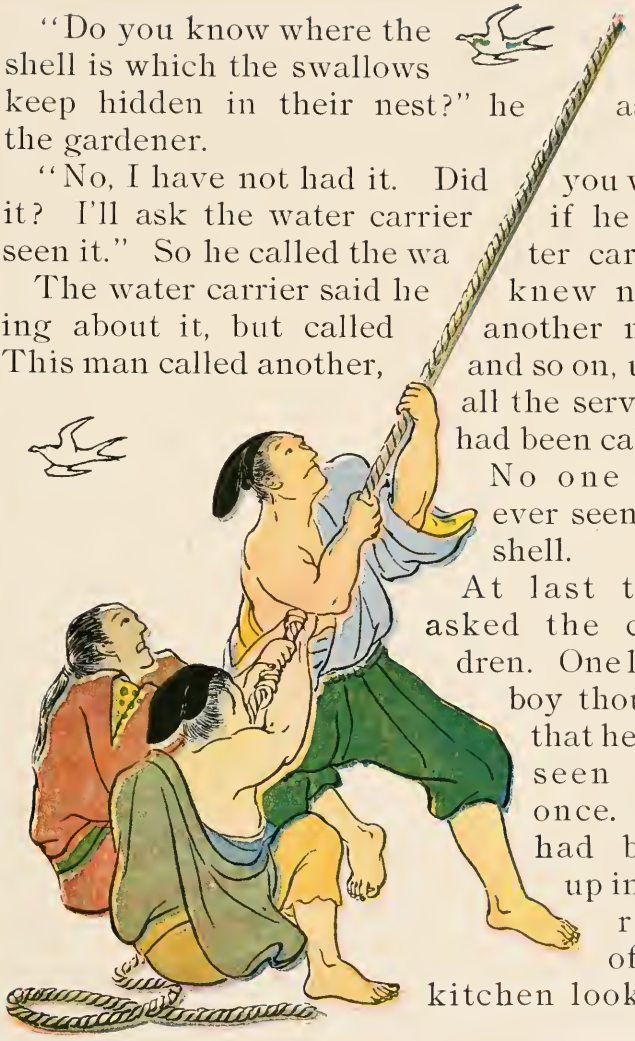
"I don't know. I want you to find out for me. I want that shell."

"Perhaps the gardener would know more about it. May I ask him?" So he called the gardener.

"Do you know where the shell is which the swallows keep hidden in their nest?" he asked the gardener.

"No, I have not had it. Did you want it? I'll ask the water carrier if he has seen it." So he called the water carrier.

The water carrier said he knew nothing about it, but called another man. This man called another, and so on, until all the servants had been called. No one had ever seen the shell.



At last they asked the children. One little boy thought that he had seen one once. He had been up in the roof of the kitchen looking



for swallows' eggs, and thought he saw a shell in one of the nests. Perhaps that was the shell the prince wished. The prince was delighted and ordered his men to go and search the swallow nests in the roof of the kitchen. They went and looked, but said they could not reach the nests, for they were in the very top of the roof.

"But you must find a way to reach them," roared the prince. "Search every nest and do not come back until you have."

The men spent three days trying to climb up, but failed. At last they found that with a rope and a basket a man could be drawn up so that he could look into the nests. They searched and searched, but found no shell.

At last the prince grew impatient and went down to the kitchen himself to see what they were doing.

"Have you found the shell yet?" he asked.

"No, there is no shell there," the men answered.

Then the prince was furious and insisted on being pulled up himself to see. The men tried to persuade him not to do it, but he sprang into the basket and commanded them to pull him up at once.

The men dared not refuse, so they pulled him up. When he reached the nests the swallows began to peck at him, for they did not care to have all their eggs broken and their nests torn to pieces.

They flew at him so furiously that they nearly pecked his eyes out.

"Help, help!" he screamed. The men began to lower the basket. Just then he remembered the shell and thrust his hand into a nest. There was something hard there. He seized it, but lost his balance and came tumbling down. Instead of coming

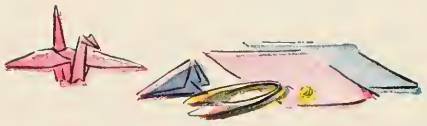


down in the basket he came down thump on the hot stove.

His men lifted him off as soon as possible, but he was badly burned and bruised. In his hand he held a shell, it is true, but it was a bit of eggshell, and the egg was spattered all over his hand and face.

He decided that this was all he wished of the shell from the swallows' nest.

By the time his burns and bruises were healed he had forgotten all about the princess, and he never climbed up to peep into the swallows' nests again.





THE DRAGON JEWEL



PRINCE LOFTY was the one who was to go to bring the dragon jewel. He was a great boaster and a great coward.

Of course he intended to get the dragon jewel, but you may be sure he did not propose to take the trouble himself.

He called together a great crowd of his servants and soldiers and told them what he wanted. He gave them plenty of

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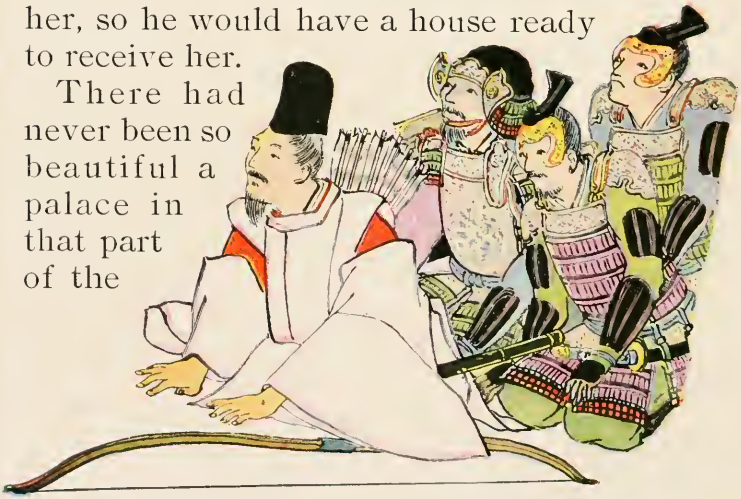
money for their needs and told them to be gone and not to show themselves again until they brought him the dragon jewel.

The men took the money quickly enough and went away, but not to find the dragon jewel. What did they care about it?

They did not believe that there was such a thing, and if there was, they were very sure the old dragon was very welcome to keep it. They did not care to try taking it away from him.

Meanwhile Prince Lofty was having a palace built for the princess. He did not doubt for one moment that he would win her, so he would have a house ready to receive her.

There had never been so beautiful a palace in that part of the



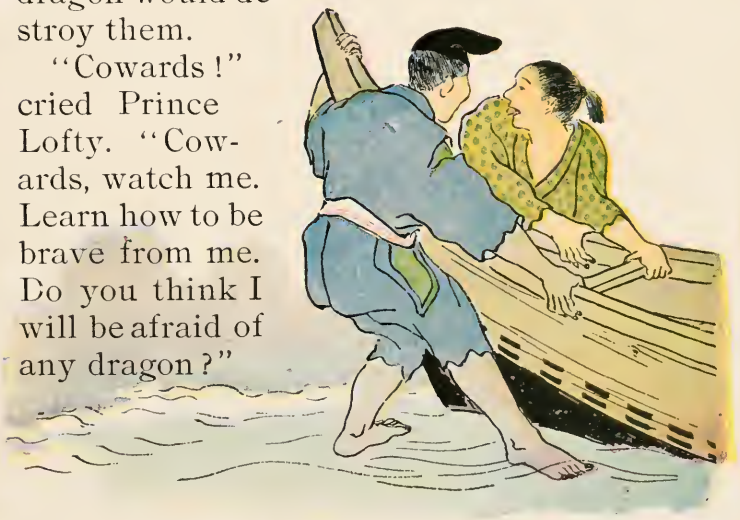
country before. All the wood was lacquered, carved, or inlaid with gold and precious stones. The walls were hung with silks painted by the finest artists.

Then he waited for his men to bring the jewel, but they did not come. He waited a whole year. Then he was angry and decided that he would go himself.

He called together a few of his servants who were left and told them to fit up a boat.

The servants were frightened when they knew what he was going to seek. They begged him not to do it, for fear that the dragon would destroy them.

"Cowards!" cried Prince Lofty. "Cowards, watch me. Learn how to be brave from me. Do you think I will be afraid of any dragon?"



So they started, and all went well for two or three days. "Don't you see that the dragon is afraid of me?" boasted the prince.

That evening a fierce storm came up. The boat rocked and dipped. The great waves broke in foam over the side of the boat and they were all wet through. The rain poured down in torrents. The lightning flashed and the thunder growled and roared.

Brave Prince Lofty was sure the boat would upset. If they did not drown he knew that the lightning would kill them.

He huddled in the bottom of the boat sea-sick and frightened. He begged the pilot and the other men to save him. "What did you ever bring me to this place for?" he cried. "Did you wish to kill me? Is this all you care for the life of your great prince? Get me out of this at once or I shall shoot every one of you with my great bow."

The men could hardly keep from laughing, for it was only on his account they had set sail at all. As for shooting them, they knew he could not lift an arrow, much less pull the bow.

The pilot answered: "My prince, it must be the dragon who sends this storm. He has

heard you say that you will kill him and take the jewel from his neck. You had better promise him that you will not hurt him, and then perhaps he will let us live."



Prince Lofty was willing to promise anything to have the storm stop, so he vowed that he would never touch the dragon, not even the least hair on the tip of his tail.

After a while the storm died down, the lightning ceased, and the waves were still. Prince Lofty was too sick, however, to know what happened until at last they came to a land. They lifted him out of the boat and laid him under a tree.

When at last he felt firm ground under him he wept aloud, and vowed that now he had something solid to rest on he would never leave it.

He was on an island far from Japan, but he would not return on a boat, not for a hundred princesses. So he stayed there the rest of his life.

The beautiful palace which he built for the princess had no one to live in it but the bats and owls, and sometimes a stray mouse or two.





THE SMOKE OF FUJI YAMA

YEARS passed by and the princess took good care of her old father and mother. They were very old now.

Now they saw why she had asked the five princes to do impossible things. She really wanted to stay with her parents, and yet she knew that if she refused to marry the princes they might be angry with her and harm her father.

Each day she grew more beautiful and more kind and gentle.

When she was twenty years old, which is quite old for a Japanese maiden, her mother died. Then she seemed to grow very sad.

Whenever the full moon whitened the

earth with its soft light she would go away by herself and weep.

One evening late in summer she was sitting on a balcony looking up at the moon, and sobbing as though her heart would break.

Her old father came to her and said, "My daughter, tell me your trouble. I know that you have tried to keep it from me lest I should grieve, too, but it will kill me to see you so sad if I cannot help you."

Then the princess said, "I weep, dear father, because I know that I must soon leave you. My home is really in the moon. I was sent here to care for you, but now the time comes when I must go. I do not wish to leave you, but I must. When the next full moon comes they will send for me."

Her father was sad indeed to hear this, but answered: "Do you think that I will let anyone come and take you away? I shall go to the Emperor himself and ask his aid."

"It will be of no use. No one can keep me when the time comes," she answered sadly.

However, her father went to the Emperor and told him the whole story. The great Emperor was touched by the love of the maiden who had chosen to stay with her

parents and care for them. He promised to send a whole army to guard the house when the time came.



The old bamboo-cutter went home very cheerful, but the princess was sadder than ever.

The old moon faded away. A few nights showed only the blue of the heavens and the gold of the stars. Then a tiny silver thread showed just after sunset. Each night it widened and brightened. Each day the princess grew sadder and sadder.

The Emperor remembered his promise, and sent a great army who camped about the house. Hundreds of men were placed on the roof of the house. Surely no one could enter through such a guard.

The first night of the full moon came. The princess waited on her balcony for the moon to rise.

Slowly over the tops of the trees on the mountain rose the great silver ball. Every sound was hushed.

The princess went to her father. He lay as if asleep. When she came near he opened his eyes. "I see now why you must go," he said. "It is because I am going, too. Thank you, my daughter, for all the happiness you have brought to us." Then he closed his eyes and she saw that he was dead.

The moon rose higher and higher. A line of light like a fairy bridge reached from heaven to earth.

Drifting dov n it, like smoke before the wind, came c ss troops of soldiers in shining armc here was no sound, no breath of wir on they came.

The soldie the Emperor stood as though turne one. The princess went



"The white company passed slowly to the top of Fuji Yama"

forward to meet the leader of these heavenly visitors.

"I am ready," she said. There was no other sound. Silently he handed her a tiny cup. As silently she drank from it. It was the water of forgetfulness. All her life on earth faded from her. Once more she was a moon maiden and would live forever.

The leader gently laid a mantle of gleaming snow-white feathers over her shoulders. Her old garments slipped to the earth and disappeared.

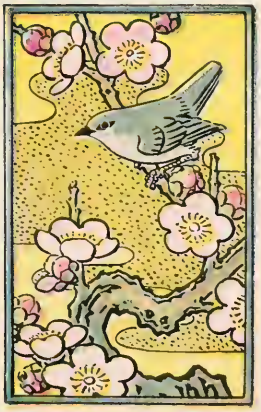
Rising like the morning mists that lie along the lake the white company passed slowly to the top of Fuji Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan.



On, on, up through the still whiteness

of the moonlight, the long line passed, until once more they reached the silver gates of the moon city, where all is happiness and peace.

Men say that even now a soft white wreath of smoke curls up from the sacred crown of Fuji Yama, like a floating bridge to that fair city far off in the sky.





A GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

GENERAL RULES FOR PRONOUNCING JAPANESE WORDS AND NAMES

The division of a word into syllables is after a vowel instead of after a consonant, as in English.

Accent is very slight, as in French. It consists more in the length of the syllable than in the stress laid upon it.

Consonants are all very much softer than their English equivalents. This is especially true with *j*, which is pronounced more as though one started to give the sound of *z* but ended with *yu*.

a has the sound of ä in fäther
e " " " " ēē in mēēt
i " " " " ĭ in ĭt
o " " " " ō in stōne
u " " " " u̯ in fu̯ll

Both *e* and *o* are very much shorter than the English ē and ō, having about the duration of ĕ and ŏ, although they have the quality of ē and ō.

Abe (äh′ bāy)
Akandoji (äh kän dōj′)
Buddha (bụ′däh)
Daimios (dī′ myōs)
dango (däh′ ngo)
Fuji Yama
(fōō′ jē yäh mäh)
gozen (gō′ zĕn)
Hachiman (häh chē′ mähn)
Hi (high)
Hina Matsuri
(hē′ näh mäh′ tsū rēy)
Horai (hō′ rī)
Inaba (ee′ näh bäh)
Keta (kē′ täh)
kimono (kĭ mō′ nō)
Lofty (lŏ′ fty)
mochi (mō′ chĕ)
norobi (nō rō′ bĭ)
Oki (ō′ kēy)
saké (säh′ ke), Japanese wine
Shippeitaro (shpāy täh′ rō)
Susano (sụ′ sän o)
Tajima (täh′ jē mäh)
Tokyo (tō′ kyo), last three letters all one syllable



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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

HOME LIFE OF THE JAPANESE

THERE are two excellent books telling the intimate, charming details of Japanese home life that I wish might be in every school library, and read by all teachers. They are *A Japanese Boy*, by Shiukichi Shigemi and *A Japanese Interior* by Alice M. Bacon.

The first, written by a native of Japan, tells of his early childhood, his school, the good times, the family life, all the holidays, *as they seemed to him*, with the sentiments and traditions of a Japanese.

The second book, *A Japanese Interior*, is of special interest as the work of Miss Bacon, who taught for many years in the Peeresses School, close by the door of the Imperial Palace itself, in Tokyo. This school is especially dear to the heart of the beautiful and gracious Empress, and is only for daughters of the nobility, descendants of the ancient and powerful Daimios of Japan.

DRAMATIZATION

Every story read by a child should be as real to him as bread and butter, and the healthy instinct of a normal child should be to make the story, as well as the bread and butter, a part of himself at once. His first impulse is to live the story he hears, and this impulse calls for the work in

dramatization, which has assumed so important a place in the program of the primary grades.

In dramatizing, the child's vocabulary is increased and his habits of speech improved. He gains in self-possession and the ability to express himself easily and well; he forgets himself in his expression of a thought. Pupils should plan the action and "stage settings" before they begin, and have clearly in mind all the "points," or the principal events in order, so that they may carry the story through, without interruption. All phrasing peculiar to a story should be retained as far as possible.

The retelling of a story is also helpful. Compared with dramatization, however, it is of secondary importance. If the program is crowded, with little time for dramatization, let the children play, during the rest period, the story they have read earlier in the day.



LANGUAGE

Later the children are ready to retell the story on paper. Give them new words as they are needed and use the same words for the spelling lesson of the day. It is easier for the children to learn the correct use of capitals, periods, and paragraphs when beginning to write than to learn to

use them after they have formed the habit of careless writing. Encourage the children to seek for the best way of expressing a thought. Reading the written story to the other children for their suggestions and criticisms may be made helpful.



ART WORK

The art work should always be founded on the general work of the room. Stories offer a great fund of material, and expressing his idea of a story in some form adds to the child's interest as well as to his understanding of what he reads. These stories are particularly rich in action, and therefore well adapted for a great variety of art work.

First in importance comes the making of models, either with clay, cardboard, or wood, of the things about which they read.

Color appeals to children, and for that reason they should be allowed to use colors. However, painting alone soon leads to careless, indefinite work—hence it should be combined with drawing and paper cutting, both of which help to emphasize form.

Too little is usually done with designing in the primary grades. This is one of the earliest forms of art invented

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by man in the childhood of the race. It will be found that children who are not strong in general art work often have much ability in design.

With the exception of "Lord Bag of Rice" and "Peach Darling" the art work for the stories should be grouped about one theme—the construction of a Japanese home. If a sand table is available have a forest, lake, and mountain in the distance, as well as the house and garden. The materials needed will be heavy construction paper and cardboard, and light-weight paper with water colors or colored crayons for decorations.

Construct house with paper sides, low tables, screens, lanterns, shrine, vase for flowers, banners, and flags. Endeavor to have the designs for these show as much of the Japanese spirit as possible.

The First Rabbits. *Page 13.*

If possible, bring some pet rabbits to school, and let the children sketch them from life; otherwise, from memory. Illustrate the story, using white chalk on gray paper or the blackboard.

Model the rabbits in clay, watching the live rabbits, if possible. Remember that here you have the third dimension, solid form, so aim to make it represent action.

Dramatize, showing the sky children talking to the fairy mother, and the sky children and the fairy mother looking at the snowballs falling down to earth. Show the rabbits living on earth, and hopping and running about.

Play a game of snowball, using balls of crumpled paper. If sides are chosen, this will prove a delightful rest exercise, and result in happy, relaxed children, ready to take up regular school work with zest.

Lord Bag of Rice. *Page 16.*

Paint a picture of the lake at the foot of the mountain; draw a picture of each of the five gifts.

Dramatize the story, showing three acts: the soldier, the snake, and the dwarf; the soldier killing the centipede: the soldier at home with his gifts.



Peach Darling. *Page 22.*

Model the peach; draw the three friends; paint the ship setting sail for the island.

Illustrate, showing the part taken by the animals in the story. Pictures of the animals will help the children's imagination. The best mediums to use are charcoal and manila paper.

Dramatize the first part of the story, showing how Peach Darling was found; dramatize the second part of the story, showing Peach Darling's adventures.

The Old Man with a Wart. *Page 31.*

Draw the forest in fair weather and the same forest in a storm.

Paint the fires of the storm spirits.

For a game, or rest exercise, imitate the Japanese dance of the storm spirits. If desired, this may be developed into an exercise in rhythm.

The Eighty-One Brothers. *Page 37.*

Draw the boy carrying the bundles; draw the crocodile and the hare. Make a poster of the crocodile bridge from Oki to Cape Keta.

Dramatize the scene between the eighty-first brother and the hare, and the one between the princess, the eighty-first brother, and the hare.

The Bamboo Cutter's Daughter. *Page 46.*

Paint the fairy in the bamboo stalk. Tell in pictures what each prince did. Draw the smoke of Fuji Yama, using gray paper and white crayon, or the blackboard.

Dramatize each story, and show how each one of the five princes failed to accomplish the task given him.

COLLECTIONS

Encourage the children to make a collection of pictures of Japan and the Japanese, and of newspaper and magazine articles regarding these subjects. Japanese lanterns, of many quaint and interesting designs, are easily obtained, as are also fans, hair ornaments, parasols, kites, and the fascinating water spreading figures. A Japanese flag will add to the children's interest in this far-away land, as will the beautiful prints, odd images and idols, lacquered boxes, specimens of pottery, and incense. It is surprising how many of these things can be collected, and what an addition it is to information and what a stimulus to enthusiasm. The greatest benefit, however, is in encouraging the children

to go after the information they want instead of waiting for it to be brought to them ready made and predigested.

If the schoolroom is to be decorated, very realistic Japanese cherry blossoms may be made by using the bare branches of ordinary trees and shrubs on which the children have pasted pink tissue paper. The best effect is gained from the use of three shades of pink. The paper is cut into one-inch, one-and-one-half inch, and two-inch circles. Taking one circle of each size, and arranging them so that the darkest and smallest circle is on top, cut halfway across, put a small quantity of paste in the center, then close around a branch, keeping the smallest circle with the paste on it next to the branch. Enough paste oozes out to fasten the larger circles also, and the paper is made more secure by crushing the center of the circles close to the branch. The outer edges should be left frilled out like petals. These bunches, arranged along the twigs, give the appearance of blossoms. Lanterns, parasols, banners, and screens may also be made and used for decorations.



SPECIAL JAPANESE DAYS

The Feast of the New Year. This is celebrated on the first, second, and third of January. All of the children have new kimonos and new kites. A special delicacy is the *mochi* cakes, made of rice. The rice is steamed, beaten to a paste in a wooden bowl, then formed into little cakes. Most families have a tree, almost covered with tiny balls.

For three days the boys make merry flying kites, and the girls devote the time to a Japanese game similar to battledore and shuttlecock.

Hina Matsuri. March 3 is the Little Feast of the Dolls. For one day the boys are neglected while the girls receive all of the attention. Poor indeed is the family that cannot afford *hina*, or dolls to represent the Mikado and Empress, with some of their court. These dolls are not played with in the American manner, but are respectfully admired and enjoyed, then put away to be kept carefully from year to year and from generation to generation.

Hachiman. May 5 is the Feast of Flags. Now the boy comes into his own. Huge paper fish (*norobi*) on bamboo poles are flying before each house, one for each son. The fish represented is always the carp, because he is supposed to be swift and sure in surmounting all difficulties. Each boy receives a set of effigies of heroes and warriors, and a toy set of all the implements of war.

The Feast of Cherry Blossoms. This is celebrated in April. Families go to view the cherry groves, making it a holiday. They wander among the clouds of blossoming trees, and often hang upon a favorite tree a poem written in its praise.

The Wistaria Viewing is in June, and the Chrysanthemum Viewing comes in November.

A DAY IN JAPAN

The children will enjoy a "Day in Japan." Let them find out all they can about Japanese schools, and then for half an hour let them play they are in Japan. Let each tell what he saw on the way to school, the houses, the people, the stores, etc.

A Japanese luncheon, with a lesson on cooking rice and making tea, has been tried with success. Let the children eat the rice with chopsticks they have made out of wood.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

Making the Bow. All is done slowly, evenly, and as rhythmically as possible. Feet together, down on knees, let body sit back on feet, then bend forward, placing hands on floor in front. (Hands are outspread, palms down, with thumb and forefinger of one hand touching thumb and forefinger of other hand.) Slowly bend head forward upon outspread hands. Keep this position for only a brief interval, raise head, hands to sides, on knees, sit back on toes, up to standing position.



Japanese Dances. If the children wish to represent the Japanese dances let them remember that the feet remain practically quiet, that the hands move together, not apart, and that the dance is not founded on musical rhythm but is an imitation of something in nature or an interpretation of some feeling or experience.

Children could hardly follow the intricacies of a genuine Japanese dance, many of which require years to master, but some simple imitation, in the Japanese spirit, would afford excellent stimulus to the imagination, and fine training in poise and self-restraint, as well as the delight physical and mental expression always gives the child.

In "The Old Man with a Wart" the children can represent the trees during a storm. In "The Smoke of Fuji Yama" they can give more rein to their interpretative imagination. Let them represent the moonlight, the silence, the fairy bridge from heaven to earth, the filing down of countless soldiers, the fading away of the earth-life, and the drifting upwards of the white company, like the smoke that rises from the sacred Fuji Yama.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION
CHILDREN'S ROOM

